

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

"A POPULAR PAPER OF MODERN TIMES"

VOL. 5. NO. 4

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1890.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

BYE THE BYE.

By a special arrangement with the publishers the COURIER is enabled to make an unparalleled offer to the people of Lincoln. The COURIER has arranged to offer a copy of the complete works of Shakespeare as a premium. By taking a large edition the COURIER is able to present a copy of Shakespeare to every new subscriber who pays \$2.50, which includes the paper for one year and the book. The offer also holds good for old subscribers who settle up all arrearages and pay \$2.50 for another year. This Shakespeare is published by Brennen Bros. of Chicago. It includes the author's poems as well as his plays. Dr. Johnson's preface, a glossary, an account of each play, a memoir of the author and illustrations. It consists of 926 large pages bound in red cloth and lettered in gold. And it can be had in connection with the COURIER for the trifling sum of 50 cents in addition to the regular subscription price. Anyone interested is invited to call at the office and inspect the book.

Several Lincoln people have got it—La Grippe. A local physician not long from Europe says it is La Grippe. Another calls it La Grippe, and some of the people with a smattering knowledge of European pronunciation make it La Grip-pa, but it's just as bad any way you take it.

The new street car line to the Christian university has been completed and opened for business. By an arrangement with the down town company a nickel will carry a passenger over the two lines from the center of the city to the university or in the opposite direction. Whatever else may be said against the street railways, it must be admitted that they are liberal in their treatment of the universities and the people who have to travel between them and town. Give the devil his due.

The street car service is not a joy forever, but better days are coming. J. H. Evans of Council Bluffs has been in town to talk with John Fitzgerald and others about an electric system, and we are assured that it is only a question of time. Mr. Evans has one of the biggest fingers in the electric road between Omaha and the Bluffs, and is now branching out in other cities.

And here comes the announcement of a new company to build an electric line from O street to A and thence to Cushman park. According to newspaper report over fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock has been subscribed for. The directors are Messrs. Henry T. Clark, Thomas Ryan, A. M. Gardner, A. M. Trimble, George Downing, A. C. Ziemer and A. C. Ricketts. Let the good work go on.

The Christmas number of the Omaha *Excelsior* had a number of fine features. The first page of the blue cover was illuminated with an appropriate engraving designed by W. G. Richardson of the *Bee*. Although engaged in newspaper work for a livelihood, Mr. Richardson has a keen artistic sense and in fact can turn his mind and hand to a variety of skilled uses with almost equal facility. He makes another contribution to the *Excelsior* in the form of a story sketching a phase of life in California. Then there are three notable engravings of little interest to strangers but amusing, no doubt, to Omahans. One of them shows in a fanciful way a group of nine young business men as they will look when they grow old. The other two pretend to show several old citizens as they looked when young. Fred Nye has a poem entitled "At Her Prayers." There is also a poem by Chas. S. Elgutter, for a long time a graphologist on the *Bee*, during which period his poetic talent had no occasion to assert itself and was scarcely suspected. Sandy G. V. Griswold, also of the *Bee*, is represented by a story with the scene laid in Cincinnati. Mr. Griswold is the sporting editor of the *Bee*, and the Sunday *Bee* now has about as good a sporting department as any daily in the country, excepting the Boston *Globe* and the Boston *Herald*. Mr. Griswold's style of reporting baseball games is unique and has attracted widespread attention to his work. When Spaulding was planning last winter's baseball trip around the world he asked Griswold to go along and report the games, offering to pay his expenses. W. E. Annin relates his experience in a stage coach on the road across western Nebraska to the Black Hills. He was caught out in a terrible blizzard and had a thrilling Christmas Eve. Mr. Annin, now private secretary to Senator Paddock, is also an old *Bee* man. He is an original thinker, a fluent writer, a ready talker, a clever fellow, a good story-teller and overflows with wit, anecdote and reminiscence.

The windows in the Glass House—bag garden, the Exposition—are said to have cost \$7,500.

The contest for the new college of the Seventh Day Adventists is said to have narrowed down to Lincoln and Des Moines. Des Moines has plenty of wealth, but is not disposed to loosen its grip unless it can feel sure of getting back two dollars for one. With the liberal spirit that Lincoln has always shown for such institutions she ought surely to capture the new school.

Milwaukee has a woman who teaches green-horns how to play whist, and she has classes in both that city and Chicago. It is said there are two other women engaged in that work in this country, one in Cincinnati and the other in Boston. This matter of "teaching the art of playing whist" is amusing when it tries to go beyond a certain point. There are, of course, certain principles to be learned, and it is only a matter of choice whether one take Cavendish, Pole, Clay, G. W. P. as his mentor, or combine some of the best features of two or more of them. A teacher may explain these principles and insist on their being observed. He may, to a limited extent, tell his pupils how to draw conclusions from the fall of the cards; but beyond a point more or less

indefinite all depends on the intelligence and training of the player. The teacher cannot compel a pupil to do so simple a thing as remembering the number of trumps out. That and a thousand other things are matters of individual effort. Most people talk of the "rules" of whist "by rule—just like a machine." He has heard enthusiasts tell of "making the cards talk" and he cannot see the fun of a game in which "all four players know what every play means." But Mr. Smart is too ignorant to realize the density of his ignorance. The "rules" of whist regulate the number of players, the manner of shuffling, the order of dealing and similar matters. Rules are fixed and not very flexible. They are observed by the bumble-puppyist as well as the expert. The "principles" of whist are not binding on anyone. It is a safe assertion that not one hand in a thousand is played that does not see one or more of the general principles violated. Millions of combinations can be made, with fifty-two cards, and it probably does not occur once in 10,000 times that there are two hands played precisely alike. The expert is the man who can quickly study out each new combination from the fall of the cards and adapt his principles accordingly.

About the richest calendar received by the COURIER is that of the Russell & Morgan printing Co. of Cincinnati, the well known manufacturers of playing cards. They began as job printers about twenty-two years ago in a small way and now employ 637 persons. They began making cards less than three years ago. The first pack was finished June 28, 1881, and as Mr. Morgan handed it to Mr. Russell for inspection he laughingly said: "There, that pack of cards cost us \$25,000." He included the cost of new machinery and other preparations. They started with twenty operatives and a capacity of 1000 packs a day. They now have fifty presses and a capacity of 30,000 packs per day or 9,000,000 a year, more than ten times as many as are turned out by nineteen factories in Great Britain. This company broke the monopoly on cards and have greatly reduced the prices.

The people of Lincoln are told that Omaha is making desperate efforts to capture the state fair. Why doesn't the Omaha correspondent of the *Journal* tell us just what is being done up there? Is there a conspiracy to scare Lincoln into a bonus?

Rather an odd item crept into the Evening *News* the day after New Years. It read as follows: "What did you substitute for wine yesterday? was asked one of the open house reception ladies of Lincoln. 'Substitute? There is no substitute. It was a case of wine or no wine, for nothing will take its place. Wine is good. I like it and keep it on my side-board, but that is no sign I mean to serve it to young men and mixed companies.' 'What did you do, Mrs. Z., when the foreigners dropped down upon you?' 'I am not a foreigner!'"

There are only three Mrs. Z.'s in Lincoln who would be likely to keep open house: Mrs. John Zehrung, Mrs. Henry Zehrung, Mrs. A. C. Ziemer, while but one of them was announced by the newspapers as formally receiving. It is not likely that either of the three ladies mentioned would express such sentiments for publication. Bye-the-by, he is the best of reasons for believing that neither of them made any such statement, for he read almost identically the same words several days before New Years. In the Omaha *World-Herald* of last Sunday is a letter from Washington, D. C., giving the opinions of prominent ladies on the custom of serving wine on New Years day. They were Mrs. President Harrison, Mrs. Vice President Morton, Miss Windom, Mrs. Secretary Noble, Mrs. Attorney-General Miller, Mrs. Secretary Rush, Mrs. Chief Justice Fuller, Mrs. Justice Fields and the wives of five congressmen. The squib published by the *News* occurs in the interview with Mrs. Noble. The only change made was the interpolation of the line attributing it to a Lincoln lady and the substitution of "Mrs. Z." for "Mrs. Noble." Otherwise the item is identical in both papers. It occurs in the *News* apart from any report of New Years proceedings. It was picked out of an article filling over two columns. A little odd—isn't it?

The Thief of Time.
Visitor (to prisoner)—I noticed the warden called you "Procrastination." Isn't that a queer name?
Prisoner—Y'see, sir, I was sent up for lifting a lot of watches.—Munsey's Weekly.

Desk Room and Office.
In our new counting room which is carpeted with body Brussels and otherwise handsomely furnished, we have built a neat railing, giving room for two offices, or desk room, which we rent reasonably to the right parties. Office kept clean, heated, and use of telephone given. Apply at office.
"Courier" Building, 1132 1134 N. St.
Book orders ahead for Sunday library in order to get a rig at the Palace Stables.

WHAT THEY THINK OF IT.

Omaha *Bee*: Among the many attractive holiday numbers which have reached this office none deserve more praise than that of the CAPITAL CITY COURIER. Always a neat and tasty paper, carefully edited and admirably arranged, the Christmas issue possesses many features which entitle it to special mention. It is issued in folio magazine form with a very attractive design on the cover and the inside fairly teeming with good things from pen and pencil. In addition to a number of fine cuts of celebrated pictures, among which is included Millet's "Angelus," it contains portraits of leading citizens of the capital city, pictures of the beautiful homes with which Lincoln abounds and of some of its more notable public buildings. Both from an artistic and literary point of view the Holiday COURIER does great credit to Mr. Wessel and his able associate editor, Mr. Benzinger.

Omaha *Republican*: Here in the west the holiday issue of newspapers and periodicals is in the most cases, merely an advertising scheme. Such publications are usually filled with cheap cuts and warmed over boom reading matter. They are interesting to the proprietor to a degree commensurate with the amount of advertising space, and are generally of absolutely no interest to the public. As a distinct departure from the "boom" idea, the Christmas number of the CAPITAL CITY COURIER deserves a little more than passing mention. Messrs. Lou Wessel and Fred Benzinger, the editors, have made "ads" subordinate to "art," and while the boomer's somewhat essential feature is not entirely eliminated the latter is accorded its proper place. Everything in the issue is original, and with originality is coupled brightness and beauty. The engravings, many of the reproductions from the old masters are conspicuously appropriate and exceedingly well executed. The reading matter speaks for itself, the long table of contents, including special contributions from C. H. Gere, Wesley S. Davis, Fred Benzinger, Fred Nye, Frank Daniels, Oscar A. Mullen, Henry E. Lewis, Robert McReynolds, Sarah Wool Moore and others.

Lincoln *State Journal*: The holiday number of the CAPITAL CITY COURIER is without doubt the prettiest publication of this nature ever issued in Lincoln. There are twelve pages of good things enclosed in a lithographed cover of striking beauty. Some of the best of the new buildings of the year are represented among the illustrations, and the matter is choice and well selected. A paper of this kind costs a vast amount of time and no inconsiderable expenditure of money, and Mr. Wessel and his associate, Mr. Benzinger, deserve a great deal of credit for the appearance of this holiday number.

Omaha *Excelsior*: Next to our own holiday *Excelsior* the Christmas number of the CAPITAL CITY COURIER pleases us better than any special number that has come to our table this year. Mr. Wessel and his associate editor, Mr. Benzinger, have shown a great deal of enterprise in their issue of 1889, the matter being timely, and the illustrations charming. The number would be a credit to a city of 300,000 people.

Nebraska *City News*: The handsomest holiday paper that has yet reached the *News* is the Christmas number of the CAPITAL CITY COURIER, edited and published by Lew Wessel, at Lincoln. It is printed on fine tinted paper, contains articles from Hon. C. H. Gere, Fred Nye, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and many other prominent writers, and is well illustrated with home pictures. It is an issue which reflects credit upon the publisher.

Omaha *Mercury*: The Christmas edition of Mr. Wessel's CAPITAL CITY COURIER, of Lincoln, shows the expenditure of much labor of the skilled variety. It has twelve pages of illustrations and literary matter of a high order of merit and adapted to the season, with cover printed in colors, all combining to make a paper of beauty and value.

Omaha *Herald*: The Christmas number of the COURIER, just out, is the nearest ever published in Lincoln.

Lincoln *Call*: The *Call* congratulates the CAPITAL CITY COURIER on its magnificent Christmas number. Editor Wessel did better than ever before, and no more could be said of his Christmas paper this time.

Lincoln *Globe*: The Christmas COURIER is out and nothing better in the way of artistic printing or literary elegance has been issued in this city.

Lincoln *News*: The Christmas number of the COURIER just out, is one of the neatest publications that has come to our notice this year. The cover is a splendid specimen of the photographer's art, while a distinctive feature is the freshness of the illustrations of Lincoln residences and buildings.

Beatrice *Democrat*: The holiday number of the CAPITAL CITY COURIER is before us, and we have no hesitancy in saying that she is a dandy. Printed upon fine toned paper, matter is choice and well selected. It reflects great credit upon the enterprising publisher, Mr. L. Wessel, Jr., and upon the city of Lincoln. May you celebrate many a merry Christmas and happy New Year, is the wish of the *Democrat*.

Norfolk *News*: The finest holiday edition ever gotten out by a Nebraska newspaper is that of the CAPITAL CITY COURIER of Lincoln. Contents, illustrations and letter press all speak volumes to the credit of the editor, L. Wessel, Jr.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Many people found fault with "The Pearl of Paphos" because some of the girls were so drunk that they fell over each other and made a spectacle entirely dissimilar from that advertised. For my part, I didn't object. There was so little to enjoy in the performance proper, outside of Louis Harrison's broad buffoonery, that I found considerable diversion in watching those girls lose their Chinese shoes and sprawl about the stage. It was an exhibition not seen very often, and the novelty of the thing should count. Seriously, though, there is every reason for condemning such a performance, but the COURIER doesn't purpose howling itself hoarse, as some of its friends urge. It is extremely unlikely that the management countenances such a thing or will allow it to pass without rebuke. It is one of the occasional incidents that will happen in a well regulated company as in a well regulated family. For a paper at a one-night stand to froth at the mouth a week after the company has left town is to make itself ridiculous.

When a performance under the management of either of the Kraly brothers is announced the public look for a spectacle with red devils, blackimps, fairy queens, glittering scenes, shimmering tinsel, gorgeous ballet and a labyrinth of grotesques with Good and Evil alternately chasing each other. People who went to "Anti-top" (accent on third syllable) with that expectation were disappointed. If they persisted in watching for the stereotyped spectacular business they probably went home with the opinion that "the show was no good." Those who abandoned preconceived notions and accepted the show as it was unfolded found much to enjoy. There was one ballet dancer, rather better than the average seen in the west, but for my part I cannot see much to admire in the gyrations of a danseuse as we get them. Some of the dancing is graceful, I admit, but so much of it is stiff and unnatural. And that sickening grin—but I'll not discuss that. Walking upon the toes is exceedingly difficult, no doubt, but the only emotion it awakens in me is one of pity for the apparent torture, and that is not comfortable. The little trot with which the danseuse comes upon the stage reminds me of the quick-step of a goose, some of the leaping is grasshopper-like and the lifting of the legs when walking on the toes has all the stiffness of a stork. Miss Alice Gilbert was heralded as a London pet, but the only impression her dancing left was that of a swiveling whiteness rather more intense than usual with girls in half-length dresses. I have been wondering ever since how many white skirts she had on, but am likely to go to my grave with that conundrum unsolved. There then was a so-called ballet corps in tights and tunics, who danced as well as the average but were less than ordinary in marching. For the rest the performance consisted of specialties of superior merit: Humpty Dumpty on a slack wire, living marionettes, a swing ring performance, etc.

"McCarthy's Mishaps" was on the order of "Muldoo's Picnic." It was a fair show of its kind, but its kind—

TONIGHT AGAIN.
Agnes Herndon appeared at Funke's last night in "La Belle Marie, the Woman's Revenge" and will play it again this evening. The New York *World* says: Agnes Herndon played a dual role—Jean Ingleside and Marie du Bois—and she performed the difficult task with great skill. "La Belle Marie" is an interesting play of its kind and is likely to become a favorite. Miss Herndon captured the audience, and the "curse" scene at the end of the first act was received with thunder of applause. In fact, the play with Miss Herndon as the stellar feature cannot fail to win.

The treatment of the story of woman's betrayal was quite novel, and the change of Miss Herndon again to the country girl at the end of the last act was such a surprise to the audience that the play, for a full minute, was interrupted by applause.

MARKING.
The attraction at Funke's for Tuesday evening will be "Mankind," of which the *Detroit Free Press* says: Ye ancient English dramatists, makers of romantic dramas, comedies of manners and blank verse tragedies, could any of them have occupied seats at the theatre last evening and watched the performance of "Mankind," the very hair on their wigs must have stood on end with astonishment. They would have beheld marvelously realistic representations of a channel steamer, a London street amazing in its fidelity to life and various other elaborate effects that appear and disappear as if by magic. They would have been dimly conscious that all this craftily fashioned wood, iron, paint and canvas was in some way held together by a plot, and they undoubtedly would have arrived at the conclusion that literary skill is the least of a modern dramatist's requirements; that mechanism, not morals, is his guide, and the scene painter and machinist his prophets. "Mankind" is one of the best dramas of its class and is superbly mounted. It abounds in crime, villainy and virtue being mixed in the proportion of 10 to 1; but as suffering innocence ultimately triumphs against these overwhelming odds, its moral tone must be above reproach.

AROUND THE WORLD.
What boy has not read Jules Verne's wonderful story of a trip around the world in eighty days. Two newspaper correspondents are at this moment trying to make the circuit in seventy-two to seventy-five days, but the facilities for travel are much better now than when the imaginative Frenchman wrote. His story has been transformed into a spectacular drama, which will be produced at Funke's next Thursday evening, under the supervision of its owner, W. J. Fleming, whose right to the play has been affirmed by the United States supreme court. Mr. Fleming was formerly manager of Niblo's garden, New York. The company is said to comprise fifty people and carry two carloads of scenery. The play will be put on with a ballet, amazonian marches and other brilliant stage effects, but the regular prices will prevail.

THE EDEN MUSEE.
The feature of the week at the Musee is a performer who for the want of a better de-

scriptive name is known as the "The Electric Girl." Lulu Hurst or Miss Price, or whatever her name is, gives a mystifying performance. If a trick it is remarkable, if the work of a phenomenal power it is wonderful. She is an ordinary looking girl of average size and with an evidence of great strength. Yet she lifts a 150-pound man by placing her hands at the side of a chair without taking a grip. She holds up a chair and then a pole against the united efforts of two men to press them to the floor. In the latter case she places the palm of one hand against the pole without taking a grip on it. A hickory stick is held erect upon the floor by two or three men to prevent its turning. She then places an open palm on the upper end of the stick and bends and twists it until it is all but broken. A variety program of average merit holds both stages.

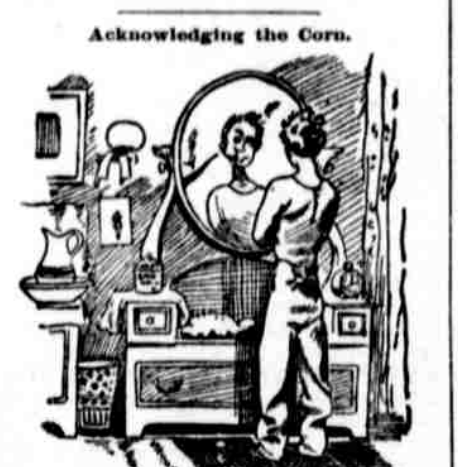
The bill for next week includes a comedy company that will give "Peck's Bad Boy," "Coke," one of the survivors of an arctic expedition, will be exhibited, with arctic costumes, relics and souvenirs. P. T. Barnum's cut-away painter will be here again. Little Barney Nelson was born without hands, but uses his feet in painting. Then there will be Kearney & Marks, the original "One and a half."

Not for Cash.
"Doctor," he said as they met on the platform of the street car, "can I get a little advice of you?"

"For cash?"
"Well, no. I simply want to ask a question or two, and being I'm an old patient of yours you won't think of charging me."
"Go ahead."
"Well, my feet are troubling me and I thought—"

"Say! Cut 'em right off!" interrupted the doctor. "I've often wondered why you didn't do it. I've got to get off here—good night!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Acknowledging the Corn.



Charlie Clark (getting up in the morning)—Darned if I blame that Senninger girl for refusing me after all. (N. B.—It was one of those pleasant boarding house skew mirrors.)—*Judge.*

How She Took the Oath.
Many indeed and various are the anecdotes told in connection with oath taking. A very pious and painfully guileless old lady was once called as a witness before Mr. Tenyson-D'Eyncourt, the Bow street police magistrate.

"Is it a fact, your honor?" asked the lady, "that I must take an oath?"
"Certainly, madam," replied Mr. D'Eyncourt.
"But I don't like to do so!" exclaimed the lady.

"You must do so or go to prison," said Mr. D'Eyncourt. "Every witness has got to swear."
The lady was hard to be persuaded. For a long time she held out against what she termed a cruel injustice, but finally consented to comply with the magistrate's orders. She then took the Book and, to the surprise and amusement of the whole court, rapped out a tremendous oath, after which she covered her face and cried in pitiful tones: "Heaven forgive me, but I had to do it!"—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

The New Speaker's First Speech.
The first public speech Tom Reed was ever known to have made is amusingly described by Mrs. Libby, an elderly matron of Old Orchard:
"I carried Tom Reed to school the first day he ever went," said Mrs. Libby, as she smoothed her apron with her hands. "It was to the school on Brackett street in Portland. Thomas was a tow headed little fellow then. Once, when we were all done, the teacher asked: 'Are there any others who have a piece they can speak?' Up got Thomas and said: 'I know one!'"

Old Jim Crow came riding by.
Says I, "Old man, your horse will die."
Says he, "If he dies I'll tan his skin
And if he lives I'll ride him again."
And that's all I know!"

That is, I suppose, the first speech Thomas ever made. I wonder if he remembers it now. He had a funny little voice, but he was so earnest about reciting his piece that it made us all laugh.—*Washington Capital.*

He Proved Him False.
Actor—How is this? My bill is just twice as much as you said it would be.
Hotel Clerk—I believe you said you were an actor, and upon these representations I gave you a reduced rate.
Actor—Well?

Hotel Clerk—Well, I attended the performance last night and I am convinced that you are no actor. Nine dollars, please.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

His Fingers Were Jammed.
Small Son—Mamma! come quick! I've got my fingers jammed.
Mother (seeing red stains on his hands)—Oh my! come right here and let me wrap it up dear. How did you do it?
Small Son—I was reaching for my fish line on the top shelf in the cupboard where the jam pots are and my fingers slipped through the paper cover.—*National Weekly.*

Probably the longest "bee" line railway in the world is that from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes. It covers 340 kilometers, or about 275 miles, and is as straight as an arrow. The highest grade is about three feet to the mile. It crosses no ravine and no stream and therefore no bridge.

DEFENDING HIMSELF.

Or the Story of a Subterranean Man Who Made a Failure.
A man who had not been conducting himself very well, and who was endeavoring to make himself agreeable to his wife, remarked after a long silence:

"Speaking of cyclones"—
"We have not been speaking of cyclones," she reproachfully broke in.

"Weren't we speaking of cyclones this morning?" he meekly asked.

"No."
"When was it we were speaking about cyclones?"

"I don't know."
"Wasn't it last week?"
"I tell you I don't know."

"We must have been speaking about cyclones some time."
"I don't remember that we have."

"Well, now, you may not remember it. Memory, you know, is a very treacherous thing."

"It seems to be," she answered. "I told you to send some coal up this morning, but you didn't do it."
"I ordered it. Are you sure it didn't come?"

"Ordered it," she contemptuously repeated. "Yes, ordered it. Wasn't my fault that it didn't come. Did my part."

"Why, you told me not more than an hour ago that you had forgotten it, and now you say that you ordered it."

"They were sitting in front of the grate. He passed his hand over his brow in a helpless way, looked at the clock, shook his head sadly and said:

"I cannot help what my former declaration was; I may have uttered numerous absurdities, while worried with a troublesome deal that I have had on my hands for some time, but I know I ordered that coal early this morning."

"Yes, I suppose so."
"Louise, you are cruel."

"Do you think so?" she exasperatingly asked.

"Yes, I do. You are not only cruel, but are actually heartless."

"Did you bring that lamb's wool?"
"I stopped in the store and they said that they were out of the best quality."

"Why didn't you go to another store?"
"Well, I wanted to catch a car—and well, I wanted to get here in time for dinner, and I thought that another time would do for the lamb's wool, so when they told me that they didn't have the best quality I hurried away so I could eat dinner with you."

"But you didn't get here in time. You were nearly two hours late."
Again he passed his hand helplessly over his brow.

"I started all right," he said, "but the car stopped just as we were going into the tunnel. I asked the conductor what was the matter, and he said the cable was broken."

"Why, you told me that you were detained at the office."

"Oh, that was yesterday evening."
"No, it was this evening."

"That's so. It was yesterday evening that the cable broke."

"Why, you were at home on time then."

"He leaned over and propped up his chin. He was the picture of ill used sadness, of cruel neglect. She spoke again and he moved uneasily."

"Well, Louise, we won't talk about it. I have done my best, and if I have failed, why, I cannot help it."

"You have done your best to prove that you have not failed," she answered.

Silence followed. "What were you going to say about cyclones?" she asked, after a time.

"Oh, yes. I was thinking of something that took place out on a Kansas prairie. A terrible cyclone about ten feet wide came through the country. The narrowest and most forcible cyclone the people had ever known. When it struck a building it simply cut a hole through it and went on. Struck a hill after it crossed the prairie. Bored a hole through. Railroad is going to use the hole for a tunnel. Went on and struck another prairie. There it encountered two men walking along. They were about ten feet apart. They didn't hear the cyclone, and one of them had just taken out a corkscrew, and was about to hand it over to the other one, when here came the cyclone. It passed between them, but took the corkscrew away. Terrible wind. Why, when they found the corkscrew, about a mile further on, it was straightened out like a darning needle."

"James, you actually tire me. You'd just as well stop trying to talk. Did you bring an evening paper?"

"One in my overcoat pocket, I believe."

"She went to his overcoat and took out a small bundle, unrolled it, and then laughed."

"What's the matter, Louise?"

"Nothing, only here is the lamb's wool."

He arose, put his arms about her and tenderly said: "Darling, I have been a villain. I tried to defend myself for—"

"No, James," she answered, putting her arms around his neck, "you are the most lovable man in the world when—you don't try to deceive me. But you won't do it again, will you?"

"No."
"Never in the world?"
"Never so long as I live."

She was satisfied, was happy, and James really meant what he said. Man—well, ah!—Ole P. Reed in Arkansas Traveller.

A Little Boy's Idea.
"Mamma," said Freddy, whose duty it was to run a great many errands, "I wish I was only as big as a dollar."

"Why, do you wish that, my son?"
"Because then I could put myself in my pocket and ride myself around."—*Drake's Magazine.*

Awfully Disobliging.
Mrs. Stayathome—No, I don't get along at all well with John. He is so slovenly!
Mrs. Goathroed—Indeed?
"Yes; why I can't even pull his hair without getting my nails full of dandruff!"—*Lawrence American.*

The new Felix Gomme's face powders recently received by Miss Johnston are having a popular sale and all the ladies who have used it have great praise for it.